

DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

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HOME, WASH., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1901.

WHOLE NO. 131.

A SONG TO THE MEN WHO LOSE.

Here's to the men who lose!
What, though their work be e'er so
nobly planned,
And watched with zealous care,
No glorious halo crowns their efforts
grand;
Contempt is failure's share,
Here's to the men who lose!
If triumph's easy smile our struggles
greet,
Courage is easy then—
The king is he who, after fierce defeat,
Can up and fight again.
Here's to the men who lose!
The ready plaudits of a fawning world
Ring sweet in victor's ears;
The vanquished banners never are un-
furled—
For them there sound no cheers.
Here's to the men who lose!
The touchstone of true worth is not
success.
There is a higher test—
Though fate may darkly frown, onward
to press,
And bravely do one's best.
Here's to the men who lose!
It is the vanquished's praises that I
sing,
And this is the toast I choose:
"A hard-fought failure is a noble
thing;
Here's to the men who lose."

—Selected.

REVOLUTION AND EVOLUTION.

Please give me space in your bright, progressive paper to add a little more on the same line with Kate Austin's comments on the sayings of L., which appeared in the issue of January 9. I heartily concur in the position taken by Kate Austin. Evolution, as I understand it, prepares people for a higher, grander and more noble civilization. Humanity is evolving, unfolding, developing, only to keep pace with the unfolding of old mother earth, and we cannot evolve any faster. Though nations rise and fall, yet, take the people as a whole, none will deny that the tendency is onward and upward, higher, higher, and higher still. L. will not disagree with me thus far. History will bear me out in saying that every progressive movement, either in religion or politics, by which humanity has been taken onward and upward, has been caused by comeouters from the old system inciting a revolution of blood and carnage. I hope the time will hasten when humanity will have evolved to that state of unfoldment by which a higher plane may be reached without the shedding of blood, but we are not there yet. Our fathers had to resort to violence in 1776 to burst Britain's chains, and in our own day and generation we had to resort to the same means to burst the galling chains which bound the Ethiopian.

There are now more momentous issues than those which provoked the revolution of '76, or that marched the boys in blue to the sunny south. King George would not release the grasp he had upon the colonies until compelled by force. The slave power in the sixties would not

be controled by those finer forces of which L. speaks, but by force only would they submit to let the chattel have his freedom. Don't think for a moment, comrades—those who think the finer forces will do it—that the money power will step down and out and surrender all it has gained since the United States bank was chartered in 1791. No, indeed! man loves power too well.

L. seems to think we are too few and weak. It would be in place here to quote from the speech Patrick Henry made in the Virginia house of burgesses prior to the revolution of 1776, when he, with the aid of "Common Sense" written by Thomas Paine in 1775, kindled the flame of liberty throughout the mountains and valleys of New England, across the Keystone state and on to the Carolinas, which caused our revolutionary sires to sign the declaration of independence, written by the immortal Paine, on the fourth of July, 1776.

Why laud our forefathers to the skies for the revolutionary step they took and hold up both hands in holy horror if one should mention the possibility of another revolution of blood and carnage.

I don't like war. My soul revolts at the thought of bloodshed. I won't crush a bug beneath my feet if I can avoid it. My soul also revolts at the thought of tens of thousands of innocent women and children starving to death in our cities every year. Millions of men are out of work tramping our highways; thousands of families in this great country of ours are on the verge of starvation. Mere girls of 10 and 12 years of age are selling their bodies for bread; thousands are committing suicide every year because life is not worth the living; poverty, insanity, suicide, crime and starvation are on the increase. Our civilization is on the wane. In fact, our situation, condition and environments are enough to cause barbarians to hide their faces and blush with shame.

How much longer, pray tell me, are we going to endure this? Comrade L. would have us wait for the evolution of our finer forces. Wait, while the money power is forging chains to bind us still tighter.

As Kate Austin truly asks: "How is man going to evolve except as his desperate needs incite him to forcibly remove the obstructions that crush him?" Revolutions are great educators. They develop men of a higher and grander type. The preamble of the constitution says it was to form a more perfect union, insure domestic tranquility and promote the general welfare, etc. The declaration of independence says: "When a government fails to accomplish this end the people have a right to amend or overthrow it." Has not our government made a signal failure in this respect? If so, what then is our duty as lovers of liberty, lovers of humanity, to the generations yet unborn.

A. ALLEN NOE.

TO J. T. SMALL.

As J. T. Small dates from Massachusetts, he will not be surprised at my answering him by a parallel. Does not every publisher of school textbooks assert, doubtless with some truth, that his are in sundry respects better than the other fellows', which, he justly says, all contain some mischievous errors? But would not a crusade against the three Rs, and other matters of primary education generally, be a phase of the movement in favor of ignorance? These conundrums do not contain a sufficient reason why the anti-vaccination movement should be that; but if they do, why the rivalry of vaccine producers proves nothing to the contrary. My reason for reckoning the anti-vaccination crusade a phase of the movement in favor of ignorance is indicated in Comrade Small's remark that he regards it as a work of education. He does not state what means of preventing smallpox he would educate the people into; but I can guess "common sense," "hygiene," indefinite recommendations of temperance, cleanliness, and ventilation, are what the anti-vaccinators usually mention on being asked this test question. They evidently labor under the delusion that regular physicians do not recommend all that.

A recent number of Vaccination calls "the leading hygienic" catchpennies (of which it gives a list) "health magazines on advanced lines," and correctly remarks that they are opposed not only to vaccination but to "all the serum fads." This is where the ignorance comes in. There is nothing "advanced" about vague recommendations of temperance, cleanliness and ventilation. The regular physicians know (and teach) all concerning these things which can be found in the hygienic catchpennies—and a lot more.

There is nothing new in the hygienic catchpennies, except, indeed, qualified praise of blatant humbugs, like "mind cure," which must be regarded as so much paid advertisement. All the truth about health that the hygienists know they learned, directly or indirectly, from the doctors; but, as a rule, they very imperfectly learned it after all. For example, doctors know, and teach, in their really "advanced" publications, that much more energetic measures than those in the hygienic catchpenny are necessary to guard against so common a danger as pollution of water.

Of course, the doctors make mistakes in plenty. No one but the hygienic cranks imagines that they claim infallibility. But not only were they, at least for these western countries, the discoverers of the truth that temperance, cleanliness and ventilation are generally salubrious—this is one of their oldest, least definite, least "advanced" maxims. It is not, as half-educated hygienists imagine, the head of Escalapius serpent but the tail!

That temperance, cleanliness and ventilation are no sufficient preventives of

contagious diseases is proved by the colossal object lesson of the Mahometan world. The Mahometans mostly lead very outdoor lives (their climate being hot). Their religion positively enjoins them to wash from head to foot daily. It absolutely forbids them to eat pork (a favorite hygienic bugbear) or to drink liquor. And they usually obey. Yet their countries are the very breeding place of plague and smallpox. In such cities as Bombay they die like rotten sheep of these diseases; while the pork-eating, whisky-drinking, only-reasonably-cleanly but up-to-date English scarcely ever contract them, even when in charitable attendance on sick natives. Yet a century ago smallpox was as much dreaded in England as India, and so, two centuries ago, was plague. That a hygienist has nothing but temperance, cleanliness and ventilation to propose as remedies for maladies other white people treat with "serum fads" stamps him, therefore, for an ignorant pretender and a promoter of wilful ignorance. To correct the regular physician's unquestionable errors, he must first possess all their knowledge, which is evident he does not. The worst of their errors (an obsolete one now) was "heroic" treatment—ferocious assaults on the disease (or, if you prefer, the patient) with lancet, blister, purge, emetic and sweat. But it was physicians who found this out to be an error. It was among them "expectant" (do-as-little-as-necessary) treatment originated. No one did so much to promote it as Hahnemann. He was a qualified physician, and an eminent one, though his law of "like cures like" and its application (little pills) have not been accepted altogether by the majority of qualified physicians.

Conversely, in the worst days of "heroic" medicine its simplicity made it the especial hobby of the unqualified practitioner. Any farmer can bleed those who will let him. I have myself been in an Alpine village where the barber was still the surgeon and did this every day. It takes nerve, and knowledge, and honesty, to tell a really sick patient that he is doing as well as he can expect, and interference would hurt him. That never was the barber's way, and it is not the hygienists'. For something like "heroic" murder, one must now read how they advise open windows in midwinter, cold baths and abstinence to feeble subjects, and similar misunderstandings of what they stole from the real doctors.

As I have nothing to sell, I do not, however, wish to abuse the hygienic empiric. His cold baths and cold draughts kill a good many people. But, then, the average of knowledge is so low, the filth, gluttony, and overcrowding just below the social surface, so extreme, that his sweepings of the doctor's office floor doubtless are, on the whole, more beneficial than injurious—to peo-

Continued on page 4.

DISCONTENT

'MOTHER OF PROGRESS'.

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GOLD AND CHRISTIANITY.

"The Star," of this city, published the article with the above title—the same as that in DISCONTENT of January 23. "The Star" subsequently published a criticism, signed "Arcola," in which she, or he, or parson. (I do not know to which of the three sexes Arcola belongs) says:

"We agree, therefore, with Kinghorn-Jones on the silver question, but not with his slurs on Christianity. We must flatly deny that Christianity, per se, predominates in this country or controls its course of action. We learn by the census of 1890 that out of 62,000,000 people in the United States at that time there were only 18,000,000 professing Christians. Here are nearly 45,000,000 unbaptized people who never say a prayer, never render thanks, have never one holy aspiration, never look into a Bible, never go to church."

"I did not even use the word 'silver' in my 'slur.' The last sentence was 'metal money prevents the possibility of righteousness,' and this was the nearest point reached toward silver, and I am so glad 'Arcola' that you agree with me, and is not Christianity supposed to be analogous to righteousness? If so, why rave? Of course, I fully understand how dirty the unbaptized are, how rational it is not to pray, how stupid not to thank yourself for everything you enjoy, and the surest way to encourage holy aspirations is never to look into a Bible or go into a church."

Would Brother Arcola designate the United States as a heathen, pagan or Christian country? If the latter, my position is maintained, for all the intelligent world knows that the clergy, priests, or parsons, call them by what name you please, as a class, they always have obstructed progress, thrive most where ignorance is greatest, and foment wars. Of course, they make a show of preaching peace on earth and goodwill toward men—Boer and Filipino—but Christian countries are not the right places to search for Christians.

Descartes taught men that the beginning of all wisdom is absolute, universal scepticism; that all the impressions of childhood, all the conclusion of the senses, all of what are deemed the axioms of life, must be discarded, and from the simple fact of consciousness the entire scheme of knowledge be evolved.

Milton said: "If a man believes things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy."

Arcola is in the state described by Milton; he has yet to realize the happiness of following Descartes' suggestions. The Nazarene carpenter did not establish any church, nor inspire the book of obscene stories, voluptuous debaucheries, wholesale murders, gross vindictiveness, whale tales, etc., with which more

than half the hodge-podge Bible is filled; but in this book of inconsistencies I gather that one little Boer, that was bayoneted by a Christian butcher, was as precious in the sight of the Bible God as was Victoria, and this god, omnipotent, too. Oh, Mr. Devil, please help me!! or to whom shall I flee?

England has provided the world with a striking illustration of CHRISTIANITY—TEN MILES OF WARSHIPS and detachments of FORTY REGIMENTS OF SOLDIERS to accompany the dead body of a woman, who, by the ACCIDENT OF BIRTH, and a DEATH, was styled Victoria by the grace of God, Queen, Empress, etc.; one of the aliases of this same God being THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

How did all these warships come into existence, and how are the soldiers maintained? Solely by the process of grinding the faces of the poor. "What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor?" saith the Lord God of Hosts."

Of course, this was only a bluff. Isaiah knew all about it, and Almighty, Omnipotent, Omnipresent God also. Governing classes then, as now, could only hold their power BY BLUFF.

Arcola the timid, or shall I say coward, do you know I long for the time when the free press!!! will print anything on a live or generally interesting subject that anyone will write and append thereto their name and address, and will not print anything without the name and address of the writer.

KINGHORN-JONES.

36 Geary Street, San Francisco.

Those who are in comfortable circumstances themselves are easily convinced that all others might be the same if they were not lazy or extravagant. Instead of looking the matter squarely in the face, and admitting that the system under which industry and commerce are conducted makes it almost impossible for a large proportion of the people to get more than enough for bare subsistence, they blind their eyes to the facts and blame the individuals who are so unfortunate as not to be beneficiaries of monopolistic privileges. Folks of this character are the ones who always frown upon any suggestion of change, and look at the discontented as disturbers. They are satisfied with their own condition and are not interested in the welfare of others. If they could have their way there would be no changes, and consequently, no progress. Civilization has been carried on in spite of the protests of the prosperous, and so long as there is any form of injustice the process will continue.—Farm and Factory.

Now at last we are setting ourselves seriously to inquire whether there should be any so-called lower classes; whether there should be large numbers of people doomed from their birth to hard work in order to provide for others the requisites of a refined and cultivated life, while they themselves are prevented by their poverty and toil from having any share or part in that life.—Professor Marshall.

The present economic system denies the right of the sincerest and most sympathetic to keep their hands out of the blood of their brothers.—George D. Herron.

FREE COMMERCIALISM VS. FREE COMMUNISM.

Part 7.

There is little in Mr. Holmes' No. 4 that requires comment from me. In the main, I agree with what he has to say.

However, in regard to private property he does not leave the matter in just the right shape. He claims that the creed he formulated will stand the test of the criticism of the plumblers. Does he mean to say that Individualist Anarchists have no new principle to offer in regard to private property? In his No. 2 Mr. Holmes said that "private property would be maintained inviolate," leaving the impression that property would remain substantially as it is today. He conveys the same impression again in his No. 4 by his silence regarding my comments on this topic. Is Mr. Holmes of the opinion that property in unused land and in public debts is in accordance with the ideal of the Philosophical Anarchists? For my part I have very little respect for private property in even private debts. To a great extent, though, I believe in property in one's body and in the products of one's labor.

Mr. Holmes says that he claims for my school that the condition of society immediately following the abolition of the state will approximate freedom. Yes, historically approximate freedom will exist immediately upon the fall of the state, for previously to that time a large measure of reform will have been accomplished, but what he says is not true in its logical sense. For the mere abolition of the state does not necessarily mean a net gain of freedom. The additional freedom due to the cessation of the aggression of the state may be conceived to be more than offset by the increase of individual aggressions.

Mr. Holmes says that our principal bone of contention will probably be the question whether production on a commercial basis is better and cheaper than communal production. Then why does he not begin to know the bone? I will promise neither to let him nibble it in peace nor chew it to pieces as he did me in my Part 1.

As to his claim that his No. 2 contains a sharp distinction between authority and liberty, I fail to find it there.

EDGAR D. BRINKERHOFF.

Station 4, Newark, N. J.

ALLEGIANCE AND CUSTOM.

"The king is dead—long live the king."

And that cry has rung out across the vista of time until custom has become so inoculated with the sentiment that downtrodden, overworked, underfed disciples of an age of barbarism can not shake from their bound and fettered bodies and minds the customary cry long enough to realize that they are shouting their death knell.

Some one once said that the nineteenth century was the age of reason, but brute nature cannot reason. Will it ever reason is the question to be answered. Time and misery may change the tide of action—and maybe reason.

Bertha Marvin, that genius of intellect and culture, said recently in Liberty that we get in ruts—even in the rut of loving. How true it is of the masses who get in the rut of worshiping the "divinity" of government, the most tyrannical of all gods. And yet, to tell

the people of England today that there is no need of a king would cause a spasm of fear and create a congestion of activity equal to an East India plague. Does ignorance lean on government for its knowledge, and badness for its virtue? It seems so, yet King Edward is certainly a fine specimen of virtue and intelligence.

Surely no worse personality could be selected if a nation sought a generally bad specimen from the sordid soil of ignorance and vice (permit me) to lead the English possessions and direct English government as a whole. Aye, aye. Long live the king. And who shall say how long? I think England will make history rapidly in the next five years—good or bad, but it will make it, and who can predict the outcome.

BERT BRUKK.

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A GOOD IDEA.

I like the plan of the Mutual Home Association, as outlined in DISCONTENT, very much. The suggestion is certainly a good one for liberal people to locate near together, each securing his own home and providing for himself. Then those who desire to do so can cooperate in any industry or business they please. It gives perfect liberty and independence, with no danger of loss, and fits in better with our present industrial system. By getting together in the same locality we would secure many social advantages that all of us feel the need of, and also give those who desire to try cooperation or Communism an opportunity to do so.

Washington is no doubt a good state and Home a very desirable location, but it is a long way to move for some of us. Why not every state have a "Home." The more the better.

I am living in a place that might be termed a "deserted village" that has some advantages for such a location—Georgetown, Pettus county, Missouri. It was once the county seat and a commercial center. In the construction of railroads Georgetown was missed by three miles and there Sedalia was started, which is now the county seat, and has a population of 20,000, so Georgetown has not much of its former greatness now, but the location remains and the village plat is on record.

Property is comparatively cheap here; the climate is healthy, water good, soil fertile and well suited to gardening and fruit culture, and there is a good graded school, so I suggest to the liberal people in Missouri, and nearby states, who cannot well go to Washington to establish a "stake" here at Georgetown.

U. F. SARGENT.

Immortal love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea.

Our outward lips confess the name,
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

—Whittier.

A new mankind has been conceived and will be born—a winged beauty out of the earth-measuring worm—which will not know force or fraud or hatred, and will let love, their natural tie, bind men and nations together.—Henry D. Lloyd.

CHAINS.

BY NELLIE M. JERAULD.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The family at Fairview had prospered. They had worked hard. All had their own work and were responsible for the performance of that work. Andrew and Blossom had returned from their trip and the days passed pleasantly.

Mary Archer had said: "I never believed that life could hold so much happiness as I have found during the last few years."

"Yes," answered Sam, "but for some people it is full of misery. We are exceptionally happy."

This led to a discussion as to what really constituted happiness and what misery. Some wise things were said, and some witticisms that caused laughter, but all agreed that for them at least they had found the way to be happy. On this day the message came asking Mary if she could come and take care of Jane, as she was very sick. She telephoned to Sam, who was at the Glen, and as soon as possible they got ready to go. With fast horses, fresh from the stable, and a light carriage, they were soon at the Archer farm.

Mary found Jane unconscious, moaning and muttering in delirium, and Carol soon put his mother in possession of all the facts and asked "Am I to blame, mother?"

"No, I do not see that you are to blame, except for the first offense!"

"What was that, mother?"

"When you married Jane with no love for her."

Sam stayed two days, helped Carol about the farm, sent to a neighbor's and engaged a girl to help in the kitchen, saying: "Your mother cannot take care of Jane and do the housework. She must have help," and Carol agreed to all that his father said.

When Sam left for Fairview Mary said: "I will stay here until Jane recovers or dies. Come over when you can, for I shall be lonely without you."

Sam went to Fairview, told the family about Jane, Boyd and Carol, and Jennie said:

"Sam, we can manage here; Mary needs you. From what you say I am afraid that Jane will be ill a long time and will need constant care. If you want to go and help Mary we will do your work."

All agreed to this and the next day Sam went to the Archer farm, and Rollin went with him to take back the team. In answer to their inquiry Mary said:

"No, there is no change for the better; she is very violent at times and raves terribly, then she will cry like a child and beg Boyd not to leave her. Carol thinks that it might be better if Boyd was with her, and the doctor, who by the way is very discreet, agrees with him, but we cannot get his address. He seems to have tried to leave no trace."

"I will see if I can find him," said Rollin.

A visit to the resident minister proved fruitless. He said:

"No, I have not Brother Boyd's address; he said when he left he could not tell just where his mail would reach him, but he promised to write to me

and when I hear from him I will let you know."

A few inquiries, and Rollin found in which direction he started; then he went to the ticket agent and by close questioning, and helping the agent's memory, he learned Boyd had bought a ticket for a town in Iowa. Rollin went to the telegraph office and sent a telegram to the operator, asking him if a preacher by the name of Boyd was in that town. Soon the reply came:

"No, but a revivalist of that name is at Camden, twenty miles from here."

Rollin sent a telegram to Boyd, asking him to come immediately and offering to bear all expenses.

"I can not leave my work," was the reply.

"A woman's life depends upon your presence; you must come," went flashing over the wires.

"I will start tonight," was the answer.

Rollin returned to the Archer farm and told them of his success.

"I am afraid he will not come," Sam said.

"He will come, or I will make him suffer. He shall see some of his work. Talk about the Lord's work. This is black enough for the meanest devil."

All that night and the next day Jane raved about her "sin," her "terrible guilt," and prayed earnestly for forgiveness, and sobbed and moaned "Oh, don't leave me, Joseph, don't leave me all alone. I love you so, stay with me!"

Carol sent a man to town with the horse and buggy telling him to be at every train and as soon as Boyd got off to bring him there.

Late at night the sound of a rapidly driven buggy was heard.

"It is either Boyd or the doctor," said Rollin.

"It is my buggy; I know by the sound of it," and Carol went out with the lantern.

Everyone was silent with suspense while listening for the sound of voices. At first they could hear nothing, then Carol was heard to say "Mr. Boyd, I am glad you have come," and shortly after he came in with the preacher and said "Father, mother, this is Mr. Boyd."

They bowed to him and Mary said:

"Come in here and you can wash and then have supper. You look very tired."

Boyd looked at her in astonishment, but made no reply. After he had drunk some coffee—he would eat nothing—he said to Carol "I would like to see Mrs. Archer."

Carol rose from his seat and without a word led the way to Jane's room. Mary was bending over her trying to give her an opiate that would dull the poor, diseased brain just as Carol and Boyd entered the room and Jane was saying, "Don't leave me, Joseph, I love you so; I am all alone," and then muttered incoherently.

Boyd stepped to the bed, and, taking the woman's hand, said: "I will not leave you, Jane."

At first Jane did not seem to notice, but gradually she became more calm, and, though she occasionally grew wild, a few words from Boyd would quiet her.

When Mary suggested that Boyd go to his room and rest he answered very lamely:

"If you think it will do Mrs. Archer any good I will stay here. I want to do all I can to right this wrong."

"Just as you please, Mr. Boyd."

Carol brought a cot into the room and placed it by the side of the bed and then said to Boyd:

"You can lie there and get some rest; the opiate will soon take effect and then she will sleep for hours."

For days Jane was delirious. Mary was an excellent nurse and her whole time was spent in the sick room, but Jane grew worse instead of better, and Boyd, finding that he was really needed, gladly stayed and helped all he could in the sick room. He told Mary of his intimacy with Jane and said:

"I am to blame. I led her into it when I knew she trusted me fully and that my power over her was great. But believe me, Mrs. Archer, when I say that I had no idea that she cared for me more than I cared for her. It was only passion on my part, and, I confess it with shame, not passion for her, but passion for women, and she was a woman. I did not know that she loved me."

And then he told her how he had done the same thing many times and this was the first time that he had met with any trouble.

"The other women felt for you only as deeply as you felt for them. Jane really loved you, that was the difference," said Mary.

The doctor had been in during the day and said: "The crisis will come tonight. I do not see any possibility of her recovery; she will probably be conscious when she awakens. I will be here then."

For hours Jane had slept a heavy, deep sleep, so death like that it could scarcely be called sleep. A few moments after 11 o'clock the doctor came in, an old, gray-headed man; a man of vast experience; a man of kindly nature, and, as Mary had said, "a discreet man." He had asked no questions, but had heard enough of Jane's ravings to understand the relation that had existed between her and Boyd. When he came into the room he said "She will awaken soon, and I think be fully conscious. It would be better for her to see no one except Mr. Boyd, unless she asks for some other person."

A half hour passed and still she slept; in another half hour she opened her eyes and whispered:

"Joseph."

"Yes, Jane."

"I had such a dream. I thought you had left me all alone."

"I was gone a few days, but I am here now."

"Where am I?"

"In your room. Jane, you have been sick."

The doctor then came to the bed and said:

"Yes, Mrs. Archer, you have been sick; you must not talk any more now. Take this medicine."

After taking the medicine Jane closed her eyes and was soon asleep. In reply to a question from Mary the doctor said: "There is no chance for her to get well; she has no vitality; she may live two or three days, but not longer."

To the surprise of all Jane lived for two weeks. At first she seemed to gain in strength, but she said: "No, I am not going to live; I don't want to."

When Mary chided her gently she said: "You don't see how it is, you

can't see how I will have to suffer if I live."

When Mary told her of her own life, thinking in this way to comfort her, she answered:

"I know all you say is true, but I am married, and though it is a dreadful sin I love Joseph Boyd. There is no way for me to be happy. He does not love me. He is staying with me now only because he pities me and feels some remorse. I can't blame him, but you see there is nothing to live for."

This was said a few words at a time at long intervals. At another time, when they thought she was asleep, she opened her eyes and said:

"No, even if Joseph did love me we could not be happy, the people would not let us. Oh, the world is all wrong, all wrong!"

(To be continued.)

BOYD'S IDENTITY.

"Juno" explains that the reasoning of Boyd, the evangelist, in her story, is "not imaginary" but taken from a letter by "an orthodox preacher." I admit that a majority of Boyd's phrases in that debate are dislocated scraps from letters of mine; but I do not acknowledge responsibility for the majority of his arguments as they stand, nor in general for his opinions or his discretion in choosing arguments to fit the occasion.

If anyone cares to know what arguments I really used to prove that the material universe must have been created by a power outside itself he can find it on the last pages of the article "Atom" in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

It may be that orthodox preachers are sometimes fools, and it may be that I am a striking instance. But I think Boyd is too big a fool to be true to life in his way of arguing, and I am sure he isn't true to me; and I don't wish the cloth to get any discredit on my account except what I fairly earn for them.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Do you think it right that a man should receive the full product of his toil? If not, who do you think has a better right to a part of it than the man who produced it? And if you do think it is right then you must condemn that system of society that enables one man to systematically and legally take a part of what his employes produce.

Do you not realize that it is as much robbery to take half of what someone else has produced as it is to take all of it? Because you take it according to law renders it none the less robbery. It only makes it legalized robbery.

The millions that makes autocrats and slavedrivers out of your employes, are made up of a large number of small parts taken from the produce of employes.—Industrial Democracy.

As long as we acknowledge ourselves incompetent to manage our affairs, there will be self-appointed guardians to lock after our business. As long as we will bend our backs, we will find riders. As long as we are willing to be subjects, there will be masters. Laborers, brace up, straighten up. Let not your body prostrate lie for any man. Demand respect from all and your demands will be fulfilled. The wealth of all the world is yours, 'tis the product of your toil. Others may apologize for having lived, but never should you.—Industrial Democracy.

TO J. T. SMALL.

Continued from page 1.

ple who have nothing the matter with them yet. It is when they break their legs, when they are sunstruck, burned, shot, threatened by fast-spreading epidemics—cholera, typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox—that he finds he is not in it with the qualified physician, to whom, consequently, he owes a grudge. Science, in her onward march, has to conquer as many such grudges as there are forms of imposture. But to organize all into one vast movement in favor of ignorance was not the idea of an ignorant man. It was a brilliant idea—an idea which could have originated nowhere but in the Vatican.

If anyone whom the cry of "obscenity" or "cruelty to animals," or some other, has roped into this movement doubts that the pope's ring is in his own nose, he would do well to read the pope's centennial ode, and learn how his holiness regards observation and experiment, not along one particular line but generally.

As to the quotation from Wallace, it is second-hand and garbled. Of those statistics which prove the value of vaccination its opponents can say nothing but that they are falsified. The very citations made from vaccinators prove that it is not the latter who are the liars.

C. L. JAMES.

I suggest to Comrade Lizzie M. Holmes and others, who desire to save our country from a revival of capital punishment barbarism, the advantage of reading up Havelock Ellis' book, "The Criminal," and Wines' work on penology, and then bombarding our "best statesmen" with citations. They will find it easy to prove from Wines—an acknowledged authority on his subject—that cruel punishments always aggravate the evil, and that not to know that now is to write oneself down an ignoramus. From the more advanced study of criminalology they will learn that criminals divide into curable and incurable, both of which classes divide again into dangerous and not dangerous. They will learn that dangerous incurables must, by the consent of everyone, themselves included, be locked up, to save their lives. They will find it strongly recommended that dangerous curables, on first conviction, be only warned, not punished; and that non-dangerous criminals, curable or incurable, should be severely let alone. It may not be judicious to put such anarchistic conclusions too strongly, but I can see no risk in pointing out that authorities not at all classed as anarchistic come very near stating them as plainly as myself. C. L. J.

A CONTEMPTIBLE ACT.

Another outrage has been added to the long list of unbearable Comstock persecutions which has disgraced this country for nearly thirty years. The notorious, worthy, Anthony Comstock, and his cohorts of the Anti-Vice Society, have made another effort to arrest the tide of evolution. The latest victim is Charles L. Govan, one of the workers on DISCONTENT, Home, Wash. He was arrested on the old fake charge of mailing obscene matter. The matter complained of was published as long ago as last April, and would have been forgotten by this time if it were not now revived to gratify the spleen of an unprin-

ciple preacher. He was fined \$75 and costs. So the saintly mill continues to run, and another grist from the Comstock mill is ready for the market. Who will be the next victim? This arrest and fining of Govan is not only unconstitutional, but vindictive, malicious and contemptible—all the more so because it is instigated by men who profess to love their enemies, and to turn the other cheek after receiving a blow. This farce of law demonstrates that the old inquisitorial spirit is not dead, not even sleeping. This matter is wholly unjust, and was made to satisfy the cravings of religious hate and revenge.—John G. Palmer, in Boston Traveler.

INFORMATION.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on an arm of Henderson Bay known locally as Jones Bay, and is 18 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land and get it in condition for cultivation. There are 75 people here—22 men, 21 women and 32 children. We are not living communistic, but there is nothing in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so. Those writing for information will please inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

HOW TO GET TO HOME.

All those intending to make us a visit will come to Tacoma and take the steamer TYPHOON for HOME. The steamer leaves Commercial dock on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1 p. m. Leaves Sunday at 8 a. m. Be sure to ask the captain to let you off at HOME.

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ORDER OF DISCONTENT.

Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1898, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Jones Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. A unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased.

First: To person named in will or bequest.

Second: Wife or husband.

Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereto.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

This is to certify that has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of the Mutual Home Association the sum of . . . dollars, which entitles . . . to the use and occupancy for life of lot . . . block . . . as platted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.

AGENTS FOR DISCONTENT.

San Francisco—L. Nylen, 26 Lewis St.
Honolulu—A. Klemencic, P. O. Box 800.

Allegheny, Pa.—H. Bauer, 73 Spring-garden.